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Pilgrim
Plymouth

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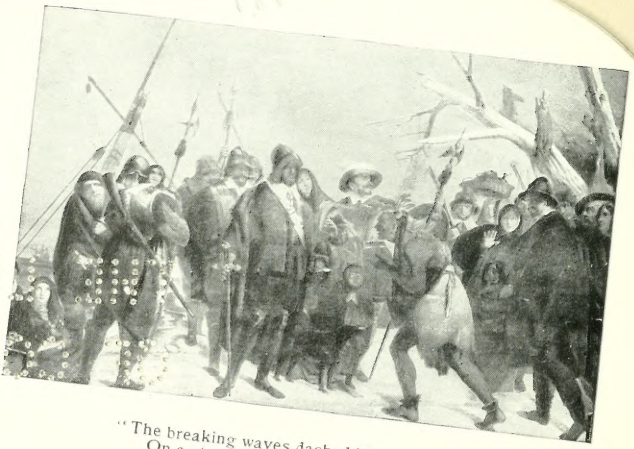

Landing
of the Pilgrims

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
"And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore."
—*Mrs. Hemans.*

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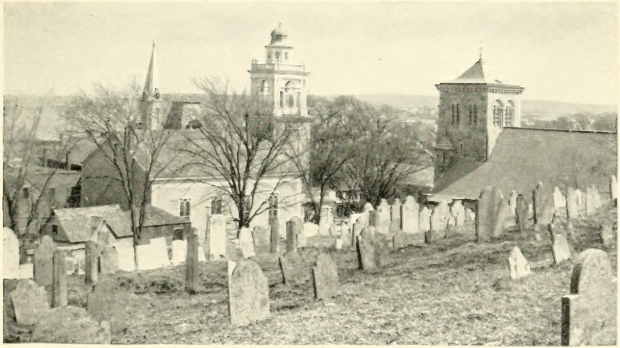

Old
Burial
Hill

"The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.

"The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last."

—*John Pierpont.*

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National Monument to the Forefathers

"What sought they thus afar?
Bright Jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

"Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God."

—Mrs. Hemans

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The Pilgrim Fathers Holding their first Service in Plymouth

"Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation."

—*Longfellow.*

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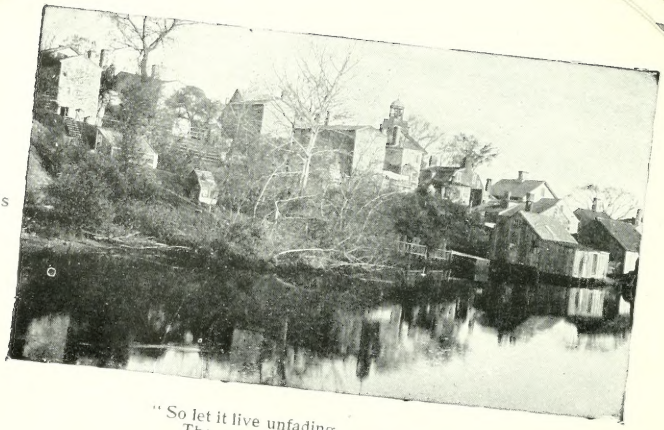

Pilgrim
Meersteads

"So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed,
Or raining in the Summer's wind
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled."

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Outlet of
Billington Sea

"Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the
forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through
its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses."

—*Courtship of Myles Standish.*

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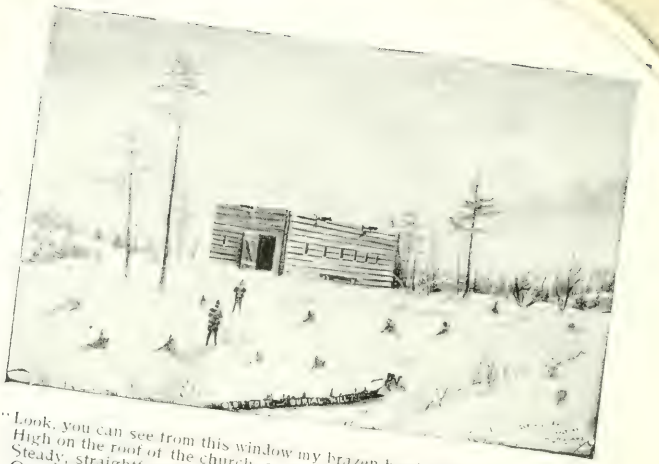

Meeting House
Fort, Burial
Hill, 1621

"Look, you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians."

—*Courtship of Myles Standish*

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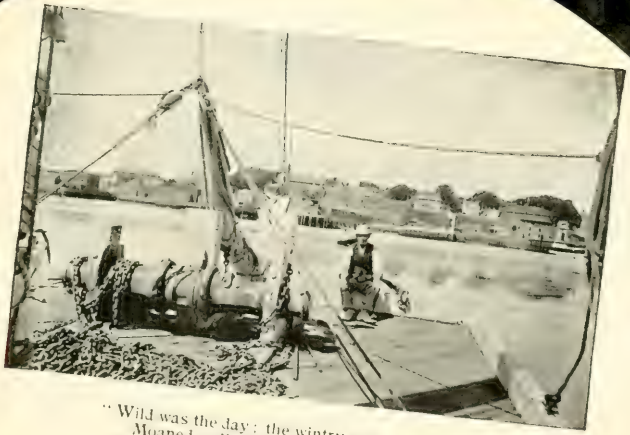

Along
the Wharves

"Wild was the day: the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New England's strand:
When first, the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers trod the desert land.

"They little thought how pure a light,
With years, should gather round that day.
How love should keep their memories bright,
How wide a realm their sons should sway."

—*Bryant.*

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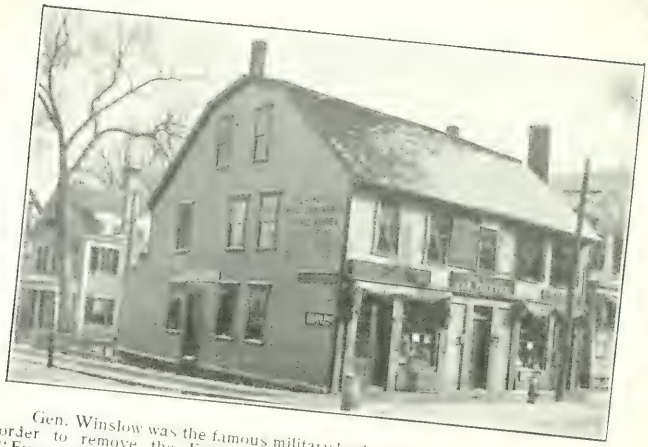

Homestead of Gen. John Winslow, 1730

Gen. Winslow was the famous military leader who carried out the English order to remove the French from Acadia, as related in Longfellow's "Evangeline."

The house is also famous as the residence of James Warren, President of the Provincial Congress, whose wife, Mercy (Otis) Warren, was sister of James Otis, the patriot, who at one time had an office in this building.

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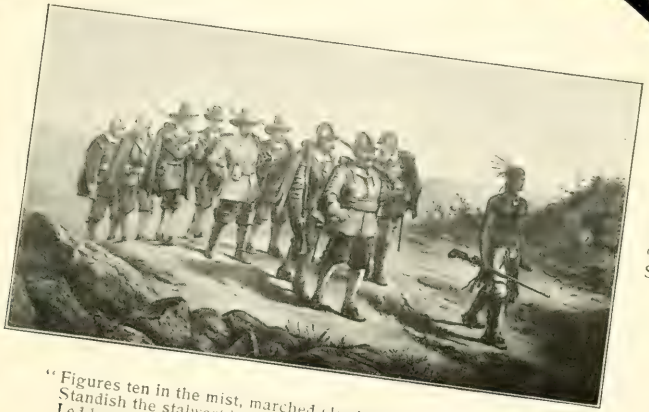

The March of Myles Standish

"Figures ten in the mist, marched slowly out of the village,
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army
Led by their Indian guide, Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage."

—*Longfellow.*

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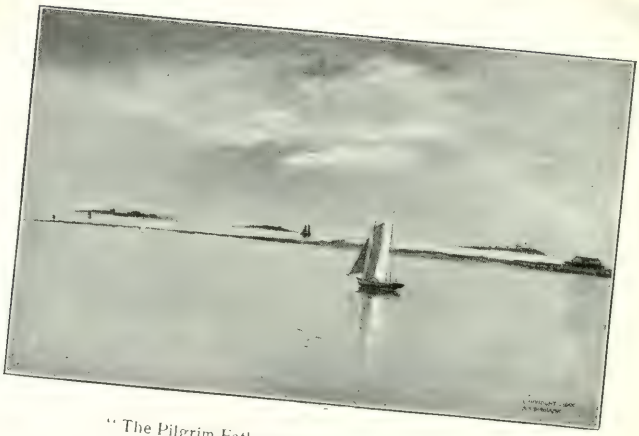

Plymouth Harbor

"The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore.
"Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow."
—*John Pierpont.*

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Pilgrim Hall

"Spread out earth's holiest records here
Of days and deeds to reverence dear."
—*Charles Sprague.*

"The weary Pilgrim slumbers,
His resting place unknown;
His mound has melted into earth,
His memory lives alone."
—*O. W. Holmes.*

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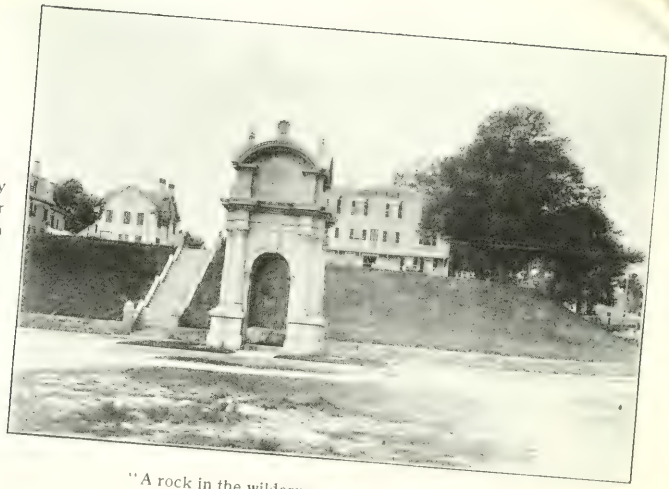

Canopy over Plymouth Rock

"A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires
From bondage far over the dark rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee."

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The Departure
from
Delfthaven
August, 1620

"And ye time being come that they must departe, they were accompanied with most of their brethren out of ye citie unto a towne sundrie miles of called Delfes-Haven, wher the ship lay ready to receive them.

"So they lefte yt goodly & pleasante citie, which had been their resting place near 12 years; but they knew they were Pilgrims & looked not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to ye heavens, their dearest cuntrie, and quieted their spirits."

—*William Bradford.*

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